



THE
STATE OF THINGS,

ADDRESSED TO

HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,

GEORGE THE FOURTH,

*“ Why do the Nations so furiously rage together and
“ Why do the People imagine a vain thing ? ”*

PSALMS.

KILMORE:

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TO THE

KING's Most Excellent Majesty.

SIRE,

IT is one of the Glories of the British Constitution, that even the lowest of your Subjects is privileg'd to lay at your Royal Feet (provided he fail not in due respect) the expression of his feelings; It is one of the Glories of your Majesty's Character, that the expression thus ventured upon never fails of meeting your gracious Consideration.

Permit then, Gracious Sovereign, one of the humblest but most dutiful Subjects in your Kingdom of Ireland, most respectfully to submit to your Royal attention, the following expression of Feelings, not entertained by himself alone, but by Hundreds of Thousands of your most Attach'd and Faithful Subjects.

There is not Sire in your extensive Realm an individual better acquainted with the History of the British Constitution than your Royal Self, consequently none to whom the transactions of those eventful and glorious Days, from which
may

be dated the preservation of that Constitution, are better known; the records of those proud Days, forming as it were the Title deeds of your Illustrious Family to the British Sceptre.

Your Majesty is thoroughly aware of that state of Bondage and Degradation, of Distress, Privation and Danger, to which the Ancestors of your Irish Protestant Subjects in particular, were reduc'd by the oppression of the Second James and the Bigoted and Ferocious Minions of his Arbitrary Will, until restor'd to Liberty, to Property, almost to Life itself by the Victories of William Prince of Orange.

Well might they who had experienc'd this great relief, wish the Days of their Deliverance to "stand aye blessed in the Calendar," well might they endeavour to testify their full sense of the mighty Obligation, to perpetuate the Memory of Him, whose Conquering Arm had burst their Fetters and caus'd the Sun-beam of Freedom to illume the darkness of their Vassalage, by Erecting Statues and other Monuments to his Glory, and by teaching their Childrens Children to hold his name in grateful remembrance, as Glorious and worthy of Immortality, and well might the name so consecrated, mingle in their Song and give a zest to their conviviality.

But

But the fruits of those Victories were not to be "sweet and pleasant" to the men of those days in which they were achieved only,—nor the pious Gratitude which animated their hearts to be confined to our Ancesters alone, or their more immediate descendants; upon Us, of this very hour and generation, has the full flood of benefit been poured from them, nor is it in the nature of things for us to contemplate, with feelings less enthusiastic than those of our Forefathers; Achievements to which we are indebted for the blessings of the Brunswick Sway, for the unparallel'd Reign of your sainted Parent, and the inspiring Promise of your own.

It was under the influence of these feelings that our grateful Ancestors, were wont to celebrate the Anniversaries of their own Deliverance, and of their Deliverers Nativity, by suitable Festivities, and it was under the influence of similar Feelings that their descendants continued the practice. Nor was this Commemoration confined, as is frequently the case, to the inferior classes of the community;—to the bonfire the shout, the squib, the beer barrel, or other demonstrations of mere mob hilarity,—far from it too deeply and extensively had the Benefits been felt to admit of such Celebration—a solemn form of Prayer and Thanksgiving was added to our Liturgy, and men were taught to mingle
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the Name of William with the supplications and praises which they addressed to their Almighty Creator.—It became a matter of grave import, of State celebration. The Representative of Majesty dignified it by his presence, attended by all of Rank and Power, and Station, which Ireland then could boast; all the authorities Civil, Military and Municipal, bore their full share upon the occasion, Joy reigned in each heart and lighted up each countenance, every true Patriot and Loyal Subject, no matter what his Rank, Sect, or Condition, hail'd with honest gratulation the Triumph of constitutional Freedom over Oppression and Intolerance.

A few disappointed Jacobites indeed might scowl from their lurking places as the procession mov'd on its festive way, but the joy of the day was uninterrupted.—I have said it was the Triumph of Freedom over oppression which animated all hearts upon those occasions; in those golden Days the apple of Religious discord had not been hurl'd with demon hand into Society; the Roman Catholic of those days had not been assiduously instructed to identify himself and his faith with Intolerance, Bigotry, and Arbitrary Power, and carefully drill'd to consider the commemorating the Downfall of *these* as an Insult to him and his Religion; but of this more anon.

Nor

Nor were the State Ceremonies which I have been describing, limited to the *outside* of the Castle Walls, the Ladies of the Land had their part of the Celebration *within* them, and appear'd at the Viceregal Court wearing the colours of Nassau.—It is to this prevailing custom that we are indebted for the elegant jeu d'esprit of the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield, address'd to a young Lady (a Roman Catholic) who appeared at Court with the usual decoration,

“ Say pretty Traitor where's the jest ”

“ Of wearing Orange on your breast, ”

“ When that same ~~breast~~ ^{breast existing} does disclose ” *shows*

“ The whiteness of the Rebel Rose ? ”

Now his Lordship held the Viceroyalty in the memorable year of 1745—so that the celebration was then, a period of above half a Century subsequent to the Battles of the Boyne and Aughrim, a matter unimpugn'd and uninterrupted—a period too when from the state of things in Scotland, there might have been at least as cogent reasons for throwing the sugar plumbs of *Conciliation* into the mouths of the Romanists as at any which has since authorised the practice.—And so it continued—Administrations might change, and Whig and Tory hold alternate sway, still none of them had the least Idea
of

of meddling with what was considered on all hands as ranking high, perhaps foremost, among what are designated "the good Old Customs."

At length Sire, in evil hour the Romanists of Ireland were admitted to the privilege of becoming Forty Shilling Freeholders,

"Hac fonte derivata Clades

"In Patriam populumque fluxit."

to this ill advis'd Measure may be clearly trac'd that frightful Inundation of Evils with which this part of Your Majesty's Dominions has been visited—degraded—desolated.—From that fatal moment in which the high minded Protestant Gentlemen was compelled to crouch to the caprices of a Popish Rabble, backed by the wiles of an aspiring but cunning Priesthood—from that moment the Face of things was totally—fearfully changed, yet not all at once, it suited not the farsighted Policy of Popery to drop the mask so instantaneously; a System of Political Coquetting took place, the Coy "Lady of the seven hills" rivetted the chains of her suitors by awakening their apprehensions; Rivals for her favor encreased in number, each eagerly outbidding the other, till at length having glutted all her *then* longings and desires, (at least all she then deemed it expedient to exhibit,) they hit upon the expedient of inventing
new

new desires for her, which she was not slow in adopting as her own—in plain English, such was the rage for gratifying Popery, that it became necessary to frame new grievances out of what never before had been dreamt of as such, no matter how unfitted the materials might be for the work, no matter how Prudence, or common Sense or public safety might be at variance with the execution of the design.—

The hint was soon taken by the Whig Politicians of Britain, who eagerly grasping at any thing which promised to aid them to Place and Power, sought to make Popery their own, by offering every Sacrifice to what they imagined was her Credulity, but what was in fact her Policy—upon this Altar were to be immolated whole Hecatombs of Protestant Feelings—of Protestant Prejudices, however deeply rooted or pestly grounded, of Protestant apprehensions however justly entertained.

It was in accordance with these principles and acting up to this system, that His Grace of Bedford did in the Year 1806 (that *Annus mirabilis* of Talent domination) did, of his own free will and accord, dispense with and discontinue a Ceremony, which had continued for above a Century without its being considered as allied to either Bigotry or Insult.

I say

I say of his own will—he did not descend to the mockery of *procuring* problematical Affidavits, or having Oaths of Apprehension Sworn and put forward to cheat the ignorant or the timid into the Belief that the sacrifice was made to the Public Peace and not to the gratification of Popery,—His Grace took no such trouble; with true(modern) whiggish despotism he will'd it, and the thing was done, I should rather say was left *un-done*. By this precious proceeding, another and a brave grievance was added to the swelling roll of those which Whig policy had begotten upon Popish fancy.

It may reasonably be asked here, why the ceremony was not restor'd by the Duke of Richmond, whose principles were known to be so diametrically opposite to those of the Duke Bedford? True they were indeed so, and His Grace never made any Secret of his individual feelings on this subject, but he was at the same time fully impressed with the Dignity of the Situation to which he was appointed, and on this ground he considered that it might involve a compromise of that Dignity, were the Acts (however hasty or ill judg'd,) of the Monarch's Representative, except in any extraordinary cases, to be put upon the same footing with those of Official underlings and subject like them to revision or alteration *ad libitum*—The
continued

continued omission therefore of the Ceremonial on the part of that highly respected Character, the Duke of Richmond, is to be attributed to his high Ideas of State Etiquette, and not to the slightest coincidence of opinion on this Subject, between him and his Predecessor.

Still tho' discontinued, (I cannot add discountenanced) on the part of the State, the ceremony was continued on the part of the Protestant People. Far removed beyond the pale of Intrigue—Party Policy had no share in *their* calculations, they looked merely to the benefits derived from King William, and they continued to exhibit their gratitude by doing Honor to his Memory, as their Fathers had done before them.

But Popery having now got her Foot into the Stirrup, was determined to struggle hard for the Saddle; so famous a grievance was not to be lost sight of—and the yell of “Insult—Insult” was kept up from year to year, while a malignant and factious Press lent its powerful aid to the rabble outcry.

The Demon of self Interest too began to lead many Persons whose speculations lay in commodities far different from Politics, to take a part in the Matter—for Instance, did a Brewer or a Baker or a Grocer's custom begin to abate, he

he had but to shew himself a leader in the Pack whose game was the Protestant Ascendancy—his Sales encreased as his cry became distinguished, and he found the path to Gain, grow smoother in proportion to the loudness of his Vociferation—but to leave generalities and come to facts, at the very last Election for the City of Dublin—a number of Shopkeepers were found silly or slavish enough to affix their names to a Public Advertisement, threatening with loss of Custom any wholesale Merchant who might have the Audacity to support the Protestant Candidate—and it is a fact equally notorious, how Persons in the Brewing trade whose lives and actions render them in other respects a Credit and Ornament to Human Nature and their Country, have been forced from dread of ruin to succumb in this way to Papocracy. Instances without end might easily be adduced to shew how completely this “Auri sacra Fames” has baffled the compunctions of Conscience.—

“ W. My Conscience—

T. A Thousand Pounds!

W. Hah! thou hast touched me nearly”

CRITIC.

This I must confess is but a sorry Topic to introduce to your Majesty, but a review of these minor occurrences will materially assist your
Majesty

Majesty in forming your judgment upon the greater ones connected with them ; It is to the Microscope we are indebted for some of the most important discoveries in the vast range of Science.

In the state of things to which I have just called your Royal Attention, many Protestants of Respectability and Influence, wearied out and disgusted at what was passing, were willing to try the experiment of discontinuing the Celebration altogether ; They were anxious to sound the depth of Popish Gratitude, they wish'd to have it fairly prov'd either that the thing was not a grievance at all, or that if it was so in reality, that they were anxious to sacrifice their own feelings for its alleviation, in the hope that Peace and Good-will would follow. Their inclinations to this effect received a powerful Stimulus from your Majesty's paternal Admonition, fully explained as it was by the subsequent Communication on the same interesting Subject.

Many and various were the Obstacles which stood in the way of their accomplishing this Object,—the Prejudices of the working classes of the Citizens, many Thousands of whom are Protestants, were not to be surmounted all at once, it was not in Nature to expect such a contingency, still the attempt was made and with a degree of success which encouraged further effort,

effort,—but it was by no means in this quarter alone that their progress was retarded.

There is a Barrister in Dublin whom your Majesty may have seen during your gracious Visit to us—you may recollect him as the person who at the moment of your departure from our Shores, promis'd your Majesty a Chaplet of Emeralds, a promise which I doubt not he has long since fulfill'd; well, Sire, this Gentleman, his name is Daniel O'Connell, a Lawyer, I am told of considerable talent and application in the way of his profession, and according to his own frequent notification of the same, of extensive Business and consequent emolument, assuming to himself the *civil* direction of the Roman Catholic consciences of the Kingdom—has been in the habit of Addressing to them at least once a year, but sometimes oftener, a sort of Manifesto or Proclamation on the subject of their grievances, from a laudable anxiety to prevent their going to sleep over the topic and forgetting them altogether, a kind of in short, what Burns calls

“Nursing their wrath to keep it warm;”

But whatever may have been the design of the writer of these Epistles, their tone and temper hitherto, has been such as nearly, if not completely to undo what the Friends to Peace were

were labouring to accomplish ; they alarm'd the timid, they confirmed the obstinate, they offend-
ed all.

A degraded and abandoned press, also contributed most powerfully to render nugatory their efforts—its labours in the cause of irritation were unceasing as they were flagitious—in its contaminating hands your Majesty's paternal Injunction became a provocative, not an emollient, a thunderbolt of irritation, not an olive branch of peace, was insiduously tortured into an instrument for upraising of one Party at the expense of another, instead of being made the blessed means of softening away all party whatever.—It is, I presume, impossible, that the pernicious effusions to which I allude can have come under your Majesty's Royal Eye, but there are many of your advisers and others who are honoured by your Majesty's notice, who have had ample opportunity of knowing, that what I have here ventured to lay before you is no other than the simple fact, and to them I would take the liberty of referring your Majesty for the fullest corroboration of my assertions on this head.

Notwithstanding these serious obstacles, the Persons who had undertaken the task as before stated, had reason to hope for ultimate success,
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and to expect that in a short time good humoured means and dispassionate and well-timed reasoning would have had their full effect, and that the Ceremony would have died away.—The highest authorities had declared the thing not to be illegal, and this disposed many minds to admit appeals to their generosity and general good feeling, which they never would have listened to while writhing under the idea of a restriction closely connected in their idea with Harshness, Oppression and arbitrary Power.

Such, my Liege, was the state of matters in the beginning of November last.—The present Viceroy (of whom I beg not to be understood as intending to speak disrespectfully) Marquess Wellesley, who though he had ceas'd to act with the Whig Party, had not, it would seem forgotten all the lessons he had learned in that School, determined that the Celebration should be put a stop to at once—*coute qui coute*—accordingly the morning of the 4th of November and of the succeeding days, found the Statue of King William surrounded by a formidable array of Cavalry and Infantry Police, mounted and dismounted,—all “the pomp, pride and circumstance” of Authority, Civil and Military, bivouacking in College Green, assembled not as on former Occasions, during a Century and
upwards

upwards, for the purpose of doing Honor to the Memory of the Hero to whom the Country is, (perhaps I should say, *was*) so deeply indebted, but to prevent, Vi et Armis, all those who might be so gratefully minded, from acting up to that impulse.

In order to give a colour to the proceeding, the poor Man who fills the Civic Chair was assigned a part in the Drama, and by way of further justifying the steps resorted to; two or three Citizens were prevailed upon to swear to their Apprehensions of a Riot, should the Celebration go on as before, and it accorded with the grand design, to give them credence, altho' ten times the number of Citizens equally creditable, would have as readily and as conscientiously and upon as good grounds, depos'd to *their* entertaining no such apprehensions: nay more, they would have depos'd to their honest opinion and belief (and unhappily they would have been fully borne out by the fact) that the Public Peace was plac'd in greater jeopardy by the prevention, than by a non-interference, on the part of the Executive.

And here it may be necessary to inform your Majesty, that notwithstanding all the efforts and arts, put in practice, by private agitators and a diabolical Press, no Breach of the Peace had
hitherto

hitherto followed the Celebration, but such as some half dozen Constables were not more than enough to suppress.

But what followed the steps now resorted to? an infuriated Mob, in the intoxication of wild triumph rush'd thro' the Streets assailing the Persons and the Habitations of Protestants without distinction of Rank, Sex, or Age, in one quarter unoffending Females lay bleeding in their little Shops, in another the Palace of the Archbishop of Dublin was the object of Attack and attempted demolition, while the guardians of the public Peace were congregated in College Green, to prevent the mightier offence of placing a few yards of ribbon on a Statue!!! A gloom scarcely inferior to that which clouded the countenances of their Ancestors under the Regime of the bigot Tyrconnell, sat upon the faces of the appall'd Protestants of Dublin, and those of them who expected to have succeeded in restoring good-will by far other means, saw at once their hopes dashed to the Earth and gave up the task in despair.

Nor did succeeding occurrences contribute to allay Apprehension—On the night of the 19th of November, three or four very young Men were returning to their homes after having supped at a Tavern; as they passed thro' College Green

green, one of them in a moment of thoughtless hilarity threw his cloak over the Statue of King William, while his companions stood laughing by, in one instant they were charged by a Military Guard, stationed near the spot for purposes widely different, and a young Gentleman who happen'd to be passing by at the moment was severely and dangerously Wounded, yes my Liege, the Bayonets of Waterloo were ting'd with the blood of your Majesty's unoffending Subject, and all this without the presence or order of the civil Power; merciful Heaven! my Sovereign, are your Subjects to be slaughtered for daring even mirthfully to indulge in that spirit which plac'd your august Family upon the Throne. !!!

I can only say that had such an occurrence or one of half its seriousness taken place in your Capital of London, it would have been in one flame of alarm and indignation from Limehouse to Kensington, and even here had a few Roman Catholic Youths been subjected to Military violence under corresponding circumstances, we should have had Aggregates, Committees, Speeches, Resolutions, Petitions, clanking of Fetters, and Oratorical Ravings without end.—The Press would have teem'd with frantic appeals for Justice upon the blood-shedders, and hundreds of Pens would have been worn to the stump, in declaring the danger of the Con-

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stitution

stitution—But “circumstances alter cases,” and the affair was hushed up, at least the public were suffered to remain in Ignorance of any proceedings taken upon the occasion, but it sunk deeply into the Protestant mind, and to this Impression may be clearly attributed the insult offered to His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant in the Theatre, on the 16th of December. Of that foul occurrence, let me not be understood to speak otherwise than in terms of the fullest and most unqualified Reprobation, I can acknowledge no pretext whatever which can ever palliate much less justify, the slightest insult to your Majesty’s delegated Representative.

Further than this however, I consider it improper under existing circumstances to enter upon this subject, it awaits the Investigation of the highest Tribunal to whom it can be refer’d, I will not therefore assume either the Guilt or the Innocence of the Persons accused, nor will I join the public outcry raised against your Majesty’s Attorney General for the line he has chosen to pursue; no man is better qualified by Talent, to extricate himself from a dilemma, should he have entangled himself in one, and should he find himself in Error, I believe no man would be more ready to come forward with a manly acknowledgement of it.

This

This much I may be permitted to observe, that the transaction has been eagerly seized upon those whose whole lives have been devoted to a systematic and violent opposition to every thing emanating from the Government,—by pardoned (would I could say penitent) Traitors, by the unexecuted Patriots of 1798, by those who wished to make common cause with the British Radicals in 1820—by those who from the interested motives I have before detailed, assume to themselves the character of Liberality. by these I say, “*et hoc genus omne*,” the event was caught at, less far less, as an occasion to trumpet forth their new born loyalty and respect for the Viceregal station, than as it afforded them the shadow of an opportunity, to indulge in their vituperation of an Association, which has thro’ Twenty Seven Years of Peril shew’d itself the firm Bulwark of the Throne, and the Altar. Men, who had heard unmov’d and in silence, the appalling fact, that the Papists of full three Provinces were leagued in a conspiracy to annihilate the Protestant Establishment, burn’d with loyal Indignation the moment an attempt was made to charge five Protestants with conspiring to insult the Lord Lieutenant!!! The stratagem by which they excluded from all participation in the proceedings on the occasion, any Man not of their own party or who might not

not be disposed to go to the full length which suited their views, was worthy of the best days of Jesuitism, but unfortunately the wild Radicalism of one part of the Irish Press, and the fetter'd timidity of the other prevented its meeting, its merited exposure; In fact we are at this moment indebted for any thing like an impartial expose of the real state of the matter, to that Indefatigable and Independant Print the John Bull.

I come now my Leige, to solicit your Royal Attention, to a matter connected with the proceedings which mark'd the beginning of November, the introduction of which in its strictly proper place, would have involv'd too wide a Digression from the thread of my narrative.

For the part taken by the Lord Mayor of Dublin, on the occasion alluded to, he has received the Official Thanks of the Lord Lieutenant, communicated thro' the usual Channel, and it has been more than insinuated that those thanks were grounded on Your Majesty's Approbation of the Proceedings.

I should be sincerely sorry to think that any thing could take place tending to depreciate in the Public Estimation, what has hitherto been and which ought to be to every honest mind, a
high

high gratification and most powerful incentive to the energetic discharge of Public Duty.—But I am constrained to hazard the Question, by what achievement has this functionary become entitled to this enviable distinction? Is it by baffling the designs of Men bent on illegal Proceedings? No.—For the dressing of King William's Statue has been pronounced by the highest Law and Legislative Authorities not to be Illegal. Is it by preserving the Peace of this City? Impossible, for it is notorious that the Peace of the City has not for years been so outrageously violated; For what then have these thanks been bestowed? Would it not be proper, would it not be wise and judicious, that future Lord Mayors should know with some degree of certainty, what has led to their Predecessor's Glory, an advantage a stimulating advantage, which they not at present enjoy? The public Mind too is not a little curious on the Subject; upon all former occasions when Individuals were honored with similar marks of Approbation, the cause of their being thus honored was always to be found in the Gazette; there in their own words was recorded their claim to the distinction, but here we find that Honors similar to those won by the bleeding Chieftain, "even at the Cannon's mouth" have been bestowed while the Public are kept in the dark as to the occasion, and this tho' it appears that the Lord Mayor has sent forward a
detail

detail or Bulletin of his services upon this momentous occasion. Would it not be then an act of wisdom to give gazetted publicity to that important document, would it not be an act of public Justice? since it would be the means of having an honest Man confirmed by public suffrage in his well earned Honors, or a Daw divested of his borrowed Plumage?

Deprived of this light we are necessitated to rely on our own view of the case.—Viceregal Thanks gracious Heaven! is it for being the ostensible cause of reviving more Party Asperity, more religious discord than has torn this unhappy Land at almost any former period of her History, never I will venture to say has the poison reached so near her very vitals, never has neighbour been so set against neighbour, never has the Government stood so low in public confidence and public respect, never since the day of Bigotry and James, have distrust, jealousy, and apprehension rooted themselves so deeply in the Protestant mind, never since those days has Popery so vaunted herself and “set up her horn on high.”

Ask you my Liege for Proof of this assertion? it is unnecessary to go further than those attacks levelled at the Established Church thro’ one of its brightest ornaments, the Archbishop

bishop of Dublin, attacks made up not more of fanatic bigotry than of gross and vulgar personality, attacks yielding in spirit and intended excitement to none of those summonses fulminated by Peter the Hermit when recruiting the ranks of his Crusaders, attacks emanating not from the low born and illiterate herd who too generally officiate at the Popish Altars, but from the very Head and First of their Hierarchy, from Men honored by your Majesty's reception of them at your Court and by your gracious recognition of their Episcopal Character.

Suffer me now to recapitulate.

I have shewn your Majesty the origin of the Celebration of the Anniversary of King William's Birth &c. and the length of time it has continued.

I trust I have shewn that it was not founded on, or connected with any thing like intentional insult to religious Feelings.

I trust I have shewn that Your Majesty's Popish Subjects never view'd it in this obnoxious light, until self-interest and Whiggism won them into that belief.

Lastly I trust that I have shewn that the *forcible* prohibition of it, has tended far more than the non-interference of Government would have done, to cause a present Breach of the Peace, to render your Majesty's parental injunctions of non-effect, and to effect a wider
separation

separation of Hearts between your Protestant and Popish Subjects than almost ever has existed.

Such my Liege is the State of Things here.

And now let me appeal most respectfully to that sound discernment in which your Majesty is second to none among your Subjects, let me ask can your Majesty seriously desire that your Subjects should cease to remember the Memory of King William, and every thing connected with it? Can it be unknown to your Majesty, that the Sect in whose favour this great sacrifice is to be made, seiz'd the last occasion of legislative Authority which was afforded them to declare that Monarch "an Usurper" and to place him side by side with Oliver Cromwell, as the spoliator of their properties? and it has been demonstrated by a thousand concurring circumstances that their opinions upon this point remain to this hour unchanged.

That Men should forgive and forget *Injuries* is the injunctions of One

"In whose dread balance infinitely just,

"Kings are but Men, and Men are only dust."

and this "twice blessed" principle I hope no real Protestant will lose sight of; but to forget *Benefits*, to banish from the Heart all sense of
Gratitude.

Gratitude and for such Benefits as I have set out with enumerating, is a Doctrine which I confess I am unprepared for—still less am I prepared to admit even for a moment the idea that it is a Doctrine, which George the Fourth of Britain would suffer to be inculcated among his Protestant Subjects of Ireland at the Point of the Bayonet.

There is not one among your Irish Subjects more devoted in Heart and Soul than I am to the accomplishing your Majesty's paternal desire of having Peace and Goodwill established among all classes of them, but in the present State of Things, I cannot. I am sorry to say, look to any probability of that happy contingency. Be not deceived my Liege, let Political dabblers or Political babblers prate of Factions and of Parties as it suits their interest or masks their designs, there are but two Parties in Ireland and those in the present State of Things it is impossible can be amalgamated; the one carefully and assiduously instructed to look down upon the other, not as inferior in mere earthly matters, but as outcasts from the favour of Almighty God and heirs to Eternal Perdition.—That other taught by sad and too frequent experience to know how deeply those lessons have been imbibed and how practically they have been illustrated; need I say that those two Parties are

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Protestant

Protestant and Papist, yes my Liege, turn and twist the Term *Party* as we may to this conclusion it comes back.

Are we then to conclude that this unhappy State of Things is interminable? Heaven forbid, it were to doubt the Mercies of the God of Peace, to expect his "Arm was shortened" in this particular. There is a way to eradicate all Animosity, there is a way and your Sainted Parent knew it well when he uttered that golden that godlike Wish that each cottage in his kingdoms should possess its Bible—Yes my Sovereign when the Peasantry of the Land are permitted to drink the water of Life pure from its Fountain, when they are permitted to believe that the Keys of Heaven are kept by a Merciful God and not by a lucre loving Man, when they are permitted to believe that the road to Immortality is open to all professing Christians, and the Term Heretic is erased from their vocabulary, when education is allowed to spread her free wing unchecked by the anathemas of an interested Priesthood; Then may we look forward for that blissful State of Things which your Majesty has so much at Heart. The first step towards that glorious consummation must be the expulsion of the Jesuits, to the date of whose re-establishment in this unhappy Island may be clearly traced the renewal of our religious

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ous animosities which were then beginning to subside. Surely your Majesty has not to learn from *my* Pen that the first step of the restored Pontiff was to send forth the elite of that pestilent and dangerous Fraternity, to prop the sinking Fortunes of the triple Crown, sinking beneath repeated but not unforeseen inflictions; to the powerful exertions of this baleful Brotherhood, both France and Ireland at this moment bear testimony in the discontents and divisions of their People. Their expulsion would do more towards tranquilizing Ireland, than twenty thousand Bayonets or the prostration of all the Statues of King William, that ever were cast or chiseled.

Let me then humbly conjure your Majesty to command the delegated ministers of your Authority here to respect the feelings of your Protestant Subjects, connected as they are with the first Principles of the Constitution—to respect the feelings of men who have clung, fearlessly, to the Throne, thro' good report and evil report, whose Loyalty has been unquestioned, and who form in fact the main link in the chain of British connexion. Let not such men be degraded, and forced to succumb and veer about to every point of the Political Compass at the breath of every Political Speculator, while the treasured principle of Popery is its stern unchangeableness

changeableness, and its darling Motto, “semper idem.”

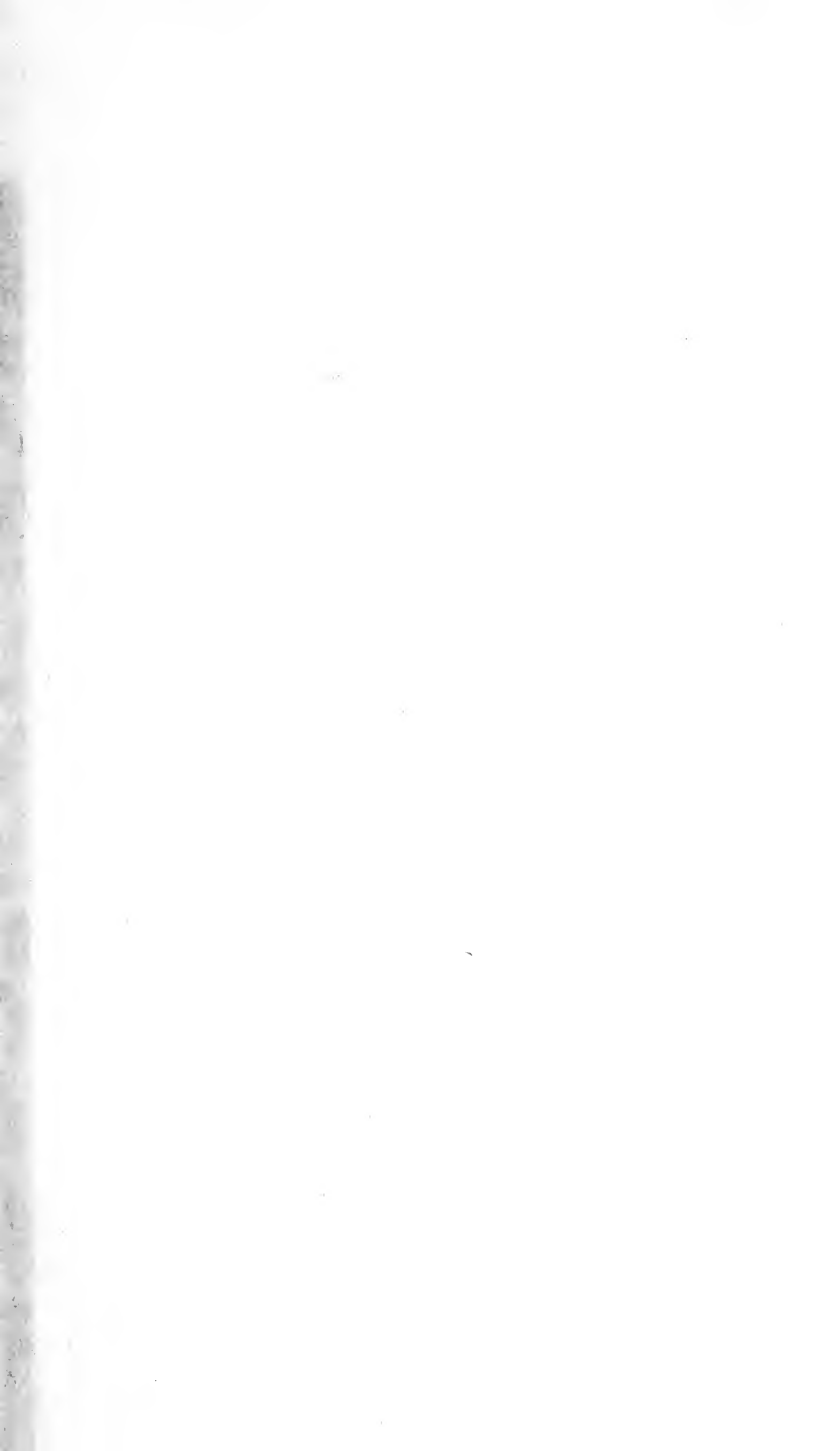
Tacitus draws a gloomy picture of the state of Rome towards the decease of Augustus, we learn from him that the Liberties of ancient Rome, and all the famed Economy of her Government, fell a sacrifice to the versatility of her Rulers—and amongst the people were no longer to be found any traces of their primitive spirit or attachment to the virtuous Institutions of their Ancestors, which they had hitherto looked up to with veneration and obedience.

“Igitur verso civitatis Statu nihil usquam prisci & integri Moris—

“many says he dreaded a civil war—others “there were who longed for it—all sense of “duty was lost, all veneration for ancient Rulers and regulated Order, was held in derision.”—

That the Wisdom and the Decision of your Majesty, may, by the timely checking the “Versatility” of your delegated Rulers here, prevent us from ever experiencing such a state of things as I have just alluded to, is the sincere Wish and Prayer of your Majesty’s Loyal and most Devoted Subject,

Pro Patriâ.







The Orange system exposed... DA
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